THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXI.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart.
THOMSON.

.....He was NO VULGAR BOY.
Deep thought oft seem'd to *fix his infant eye.*
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of *sweetest* minstrelsy.
Dr. BEATTIE.

MY accomplished predecessor, Mr. MACKENZIE, to whom I am indebted for the title of my paper, whose pathetic Julia de Roubigné, and story of La Roche, I have read with vivid interest; and whose easy style is one of my best models of periodical composition, has devoted one paper to the generous purpose of exciting the attention of his countrymen to the genius and writings of Robert Burns. I feel proud that it is in my power to copy the candid criticism, and follow the benevolent example of the Scotch ADDISON.

I wish to *draw the deep regard* of the patrons of genius, when I point to them, as a deserving object of patronage, JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, a youth, of American origin, whose native powers, fostered by the discernment of his friends, invigorated by the discipline, and augmented by the lessons of an English seminary, have produced, during his puerile age, a variety of original poems, which, in fertility of invention, brightness of imagination, and vivacity of expression, may be compared with many of the tardier productions of veteran wit.

From my excessive eagerness to investigate the history, and advance the claims of modest and retired Genius, I have devoted some hours, and proposed many queries, in my zeal of inquisitiveness to acquire information respecting this boy-bard. It seems that on the maternal side his stock is Philadelphian. During the convulsions of that revolution, which separated this country from its parent, his father, perhaps not less from resentment for the indignities he suffered from the ruder passion of the populace, than from the dictates of principle, and the sentiment of loyalty, migrated to Great Britain, where our author was born.

Whether from the negligence or necessities of his father it does not appear, but under the patronage of the Duke of Chandos,* young Hunt was sent to the Grammar school of Christ's Hospital, and perhaps we may ascribe the high cultivation of his fertile talents, to the discerning munificence of his noble benefactor.

How well this infant genius repaid the kindness of the friend, and the care of the preceptor, was manifested by the earliest exercises of the boy. Many of his poems were composed prior to the age of twelve, and the whole, which have been lately collected, under the title of “Juvenilia,” were the productions of sixteen! This is, indeed, the *lumen purpureum juventutis;* this is an example of precocity of talents, which will remind the reader of the early expansion of the minds of Milton, Cowley, and Pope.

Such juvenile merit naturally challenges the curiosity of mankind, and such splendour nothing can long conceal. He first excited the wonder of his master, then the partiality of friends, and lastly, by that happy temerity, characteristic of such an ardent mind, he boldly appealed to the public, and their decisive voice has been clear and loud in approbation.

At present, one of his most active friends is Sir Benjamin West, who, mindful of the family connexion of Painting and Poetry, naturally cherished the poetical flame of our author. Moreover, it is probable that as Sir Benjamin has transplanted himself from the genial soil of a republic to the cold and comfortless region of a Monarchy, he may be curious to discover whether another Scion, from America, may not shoot luxuriantly, under all the disadvantages of a foreign climate.

Incited by his own ambition, stimulated by the suggestions of his friends, and assisted by a subscription, more ample than, perhaps, was ever the harbinger of a work, published under similar auspices, Mr. HUNT, while yet a *boy*, appeared as an *author*. If this were rashness, it has proved a rashness without risque. His juvenile efforts have gained the chaplets of criticism, and on the copious list of his patrons we may read the names of the most eminent characters in England.

Among his subscribers to the *third* edition, we discover, with pleasure, a few distinguished Americans, whom our author, with patriotic partiality, designates in that spirit of affection and respect, which gratitude inspires in such a mind. Among his English patrons are the Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. Addington, Dr. Aikin, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Sir George Baker, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Chichester, the Hon. Geo. Canning, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Lord Eldon, the High Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Lord Hawkesbury, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Gordon, Dr. Jenner, Mr. D'Israeli, the late Lord Kenyon, the Bishop of London, the Earl of Liverpool, the Bishop of Landaff, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. Maurice, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Rutland, the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Whitworth, the Marquis of Townshend, Lord Thurlow, &c. &c.

It is worthy of remark that no party distinctions, attachments, or enmities, have been suffered to bias these friends of genius. Political prejudice has been suspended, that the homage to talents might be paid; and the whig and the tory, the courtier and the country gentleman, the churchman and the dissenter have joined hands to support a timid youth at his public entry.

It may now be expected that I give some specimens of that poetry, which has attracted such attention. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing, nor my readers that of reading, the apostrophe to Genius, in one of the earliest odes of our juvenile bard.

O fill my mind with all thy strength,
Like thy ideas without length;
Pour through my soul thy beaming light,
Within be glorious day, tho' all without is night.
Yet to that day, so bright begun,
O grant there be no setting sun;
Let not Distraction's hurrying storm,
Or idiot Madness, restless form,
Deface thy lively ray;
Long, GENIUS, let thy suppliant view,
Thy airy robes of varying hue,
And eyes, that dazzle day.

The Muse of COLLINS has warmed the heart, and inspired the invention of our author. In his “Ode to Painting,” he has successfully imitated the “Passions” of his model. I feel chagrined that the narrow limits of an Essay suffer me to copy only a section of the Exordium. A reader of taste and fancy will find his attention amply requited by a perusal of this charming Poem entire.

When Youth, in Greece's polish'd groves,
Was favourite of the laughing loves,
The little Genii to surprise,
He bade the glowing Pencil rise,
And form'd a fairy sprite that kept
The sacred wonder, while he slept:
Up sprung the urchin into air,
Polite, persuasive, free and fair.
Such manners got a name in haste,
And lovely Cupid call'd him Taste.
From him, full oft, in airy bower,
They snatch'd the emblem of their power,
And bade upon the canvas start
The tender passions of the heart;
While lively youth the wantons taught
Each fancy of the poet's thought,
And fairy visions flutter'd gay
Around the Eden where he lay.

Then first, 'tis said, in colours green,
The pictur'd landscape rose to view,
And distant mountains oft were seen
To dip in heaven their foreheads blue;
And trees their leafy honours bow'd,
And reeds were waving to the gale,
And runnels seem'd to prattle loud,
And shepherds pip'd along the vale.
There oft within the murm'ring grove,
The swain compos'd his amorous lay;
There oft the virgin own'd her love,
And blush'd along her modest way.
There scenes alone of rural rest,
Youth was then divine in painting;
A grander grief, a fiercer fainting,
Than Love had shewn his hand had ne'er display'd,
Thence stronger years were call'd by Art,
To give her touch a deeper shade,
And teach the painter's toil a bolder part;
And where they dash'd the pencil warm,
Historic Glory rais'd her awful form,
And War unsheath'd the sword, and pierc'd the bleeding heart,

* “To you, whose family, in the person of your noble uncle, his Grace, the late Duke of Chandos, has conferred many obligations on my father and his children; whose favour cannot fail to recommend my humble productions to the world, and whose patronage, above that of all others, is most pleasing to the patronized, as it comes from a promoter and cultivator of virtue, the following pages are dedicated, as a small tribute of an enlarged gratitude.” See the dedication of his poems to the Hon. James Henry Leigh.

But I cannot dismiss this exquisite production without one more quotation. The Poet, describing the style and character of some of the most eminent of the Painters, alludes, in a strain of moving pity, and spirited versification, to the premature death of RAPHAEL. Of this great master of the pencil there is a tradition that he fell a victim, in the prime of life, to the fury of his passions. Beguiled by the bowl of Bacchus, and dissolved in the arms of Beauty, he passed his time in a continued round of jollity and pleasure, and paid with his health the sad forfeit of his transgressions.

But see! before his sparkling sight,
Fair forms of Joy and panting Pleasures shine;
Idalia, darting from her Cyprian shrine,
Bursts her radiant veil of light,
And piercing in his painted bower,
Bright her beams, and hot the hour,
In the convulsive raptures of the bowl,
Drowns his transport—frenzied soul.

Heard ye Thalia's plaintive sighs?
The warm excess has burst his boiling veins!
The bloom of Beauty is no more,
But pallid Tremor reigns!
On cheeks, that Summer purple wore,
The Winter lily lies!
Ah! yet life glimmers, faint and fast!
No more——the gaudy gleam is past,
And great Urbino dies.

The baleful effects of debauchery, upon the temperament of Genius, are here described at once with the experience of a physician, and the fancy of a poet.

The longest and most elaborate production of Mr. Hunt, is an allegorical poem, entitled "the Palace of Pleasure." He has judiciously adopted the stanza of Spencer, and on the fairy land, through which he conducts us,

——"Gratior it dies
Et soles melius nitent."

n the Faery Queen; in Shenstone's Schoolmistress, or the Castle of Indolence, by Thomson, I do not know whether more vivid personifications, than the following, can be found.

First, on a crawling Sloth, y mounted went
Dull Indolence, with cheek of pallid hue,
And lazy head on heavy bosom bent,
And half shut eyne, that squinted all askew;
His jaw bone eke unto his shoulder grew,
That never manlier was y lifted high;
And wrapp'd he was in garments ne so few,
For downy vestments hid each moveless thigh,
That from his temples hung, and shrowden o'er his eye.

And in one hand a bitter bowl he held,
Fill'd with the turbid stream of Lethe drear,
Whose mould'ring sides were gnawn away by Eld;
For ne about it did he taken care:
And in the other he did faintly bear
A bunch of poppies, which by bards are said
To grow where Somnus' darkling mansions are,
And eke with these he bent his drowsy head,
And totter'd on his way, and seem'd to wish for bed.

Next Delicacy soft, with languid eye,
Swam smooth along; while o'er her lily cheek
A veil of shadowing silk flow'd carelessly
Sweeping her snowy bosom: for the shriek
Of fearful woe, if once the sun beam seek
Her vace unveil'd, burst piercing on the air
From her averted lips; and mild and meek
The buzzing fly brought grief and 'wildering fear,
If once her ears he bare his drowsy piping near.

Next Gaudiness her colour'd mantle spread
Upon the dazzled sight, with spangles bright
Of solar lustre: on her sparkling head
Mov'd a gay butterfly, all richly dight
With every colour of the bow of light,
Whose wide dispread and tender wings y made
A fluttering crown: while from an unseen height
Profusion scatter'd on the glittering bed
Green emerald, sapphire blue, and ruby's glowing red.

And next came sporting gaily on the air,
Young Wantonness, with red and fiery eyne,
Nathless in which some tender glances were;
And with arch look her head she did entwine,
Whiles in one hand she bore a figure small,
Copied from that which still, and aye will shine
Beauty's resplendent model, and, of all,
High admiration claims the wonder of the ball.

And her behind, danc'd frolicksome Desire,
With ivy crown'd in myrtle green entwin'd;
Her rolling eyne did mirth and love inspire,
And fill'd with ardent hopes the youthful mind,
And with delightful garland did she bind
The bending horns of a hot blooded goat,
Which wanton'd wild and joyously behind,
And sometimes rollen on his rugged coat,
All sly with leering look, which she had him y tote.

In my enthusiasm of fondness for the blooming flowers and early fruits of youthful and vigorous Wit, I have strayed far beyond the bounds, usually prescribed to an essayist. I have forgotten that conciseness is one of the primary duties of my profession. But I am willing to be called tedious, provided that to modest Merit I can be, in any degree, useful. A proposal has been issued, in this city, for the republication of these poems, for the *benefit of the author*. To publick favour, to *American* attention, some of his claims have been artlessly stated. I know not if he be poor, but all may know that he is deserving. It is to be presumed that from the kindness of the patron, and the contribution of the public, he is far above the miseries of dependence, and unexposed to the chilness of penury. But BURKE has told us, and told us truly, that there is not only the just price for common labour, but a tribute which Opulence owes to Genius, and which, *when paid, honours* the *giver* and the *receiver*. We are not to calculate, with a pedlar's slate and pencil, the sum total of a Poet's receipt and expenditure, but looking only at the amount of his genuine worth, and the rate of his just expectations, regulate his reward by the fair standard of generous proportion.

I have now imperfectly fulfilled a voluntary and pleasing task. I recommend a boy of genius, blest by the Author of Intelligence with a mind of premature strength, fertile to the tiller's care, and copious of the fairest flowers. I give him, it is but little, my solitary subscription and suffrage. I hope others may give much more to one, who, glowing with the flame of Fancy, has always repressed its unhallowed fire, and who is not less the friend of Virtue, than the darling of the Muses.

POLITICS.

[The Editor has again an opportunity, denied for some time, by a pressure of fugitive materials, of publishing political sentiments which far from being temporary in their effect, or trivial in their application, are eternally true and most pertinent to our situation.]

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

In *France* the nobles and priests ran away. Thousands of the richest, honestest and wisest men ran mad with revolution. Had the public journals, supplied by able men, exposed democratic folly and villainy, and had the best men in *France* with a king of any spirit and talent exerted themselves, the vilest excesses of the revolution would have been checked. *France* might have preserved its monarchy, and have taken its chance of waiting for more liberty till it was fit to take it.

If then, in *France*, where the rich were few and the rabble many, a stand might have been made with success, how much more reason for exerting ourselves in the *United-States*, where the mob are not one hundredth part of our population. Yet this one hundredth part will overturn every thing unless more pains are taken to hinder the event. Ruin is coming, and it may be prevented; and shall we cavil about the efficacy of the only means left us for our preservation.

It is said, unfairly I think, that we depend on the popular understanding to know well what it is impossible they should know at all. This opinion is confuted abundantly by what I have alleged, that all Governments by the people tend to licentiousness. That the people, vain of their power, are careless of consequences, and lavish it on favorites. These become tyrants. Why then resist, it is said, what is irresistable? I answer, HECTOR knew that fate ordained the fall of *Troy*, yet nobly adjusting his conduct to the maxims of duty, he met ACHILLES, and fell in the combat. It may be that all we can do may fail of saving our country, still our efforts should be made to the utmost, if it were only to show that the fault rests with others, not with us.

But still it is said, that if the addresses to Federalists will urge them to preserve what the Jacobins wish to destroy, our arguments will be motives to our adversaries. I answer again, new motives are not wanted to our adversaries; they have already marked their prey; more rancorous they cannot be, less zealous the Federalists may be. But with zeal and union they are invincible. They can save themselves and our country The object, therefore, is to preserve the party in its identity, its integrity, its force that will preserve all and even prevent the attempt to destroy all.

The people are governed by their hopes and fears, and less talent than I can easily designate for the purpose, would be sufficient to keep the federal part of the people correct....I do not propose that we should regain the public power. But an able and virtuous minority, keen to see, prompt and powerferful to expose, the knavery of those who hold it, and to point out the steps to slavery and ruin which these leading democrats are taking, would certainly be able to save themselves, and with themselves the cause of liberty.

The opinion, that it is better to let the people run themselves out of breath; to proceed far enough to see their error and return, as the understanding governs; to let *that* profit by its mistake, and that the event, in the worst case supposable, is only a very late discovery of that mistake; all this I hold to be nonsense. It is deferring repentance for hell. It supposes that violence will certainly produce moderation, and that the people will go right the more surely for going wrong....

History is a church-yard, all whose grave stones teach better to republics.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In the "Looker-on" there is a most accurate imitation of Dr. JOHNSON'S style. I have met in some of the European magazines another of the humourous class, from the satirical pen of Robert Jephson, Esq. One Campbell, a purser, in the navy, exhibited a travestie of the Doctor's manner, and in "Johnsoniana" there is a very witty parody of the criticism on Gray's Elegy. On the accuracy or the resemblance of the following attempt to exhibit something like the style of the Rambler, let the reader decide. The sentences are often more prolix, than Johnson's example sanctions, but his triads and his frequent epithets are copied pretty closely, and he, whose ear is curious and fine, will, perhaps, perceive that some of the ensuing paragraphs are of the class of *numerous* prose.

Of all the multifarious productions, which the efforts of superior genius, or the labours of scholastic industry, have crowded upon the world, none are perused with more insatiable avidity, or disseminated with more universal applause, than the narrations of feigned events, descriptions of imaginary scenes, and delineations of

ideal character. The celebrity of other authors is confined within very narrow limits. The Geometrician and Divine, the Antiquary and the Critic, however distinguished by uncontested excellence, can only hope to please those, whom a conformity of disposition has engaged in similar pursuits; and must be content to be regarded, by the rest of the world, with the smile of frigid indifference, or the contemptuous sneer of self sufficient folly.

The collector of shells, and the anatomist of insects, is little inclined to enter into theological disputes: the divine is not apt to regard with veneration the uncouth diagrams and tedious calculations of the astronomer: the man, whose life has been consumed in adjusting the disputes of lexicographers, or elucidating the learning of antiquity, cannot easily bend his thoughts to recent transactions, or readily interest himself in the unimportant history of his contemporaries: and the cit, who knows no business but acquiring wealth, and no pleasure but displaying it, has a heart equally shut up to argument and fancy, to the batteries of syllogism and the arrows of wit. To the writer of fiction alone every ear is open, and every tongue lavish of applause; curiosity sparkles in every eye, and every bosom is throbbing with concern.

It is, however, easy to account for this enchantment. To follow the chain of perplexed ratiocination, to view, with critical skill, the airy architecture of systems, to unravel the web of sophistry, or weigh the merits of opposite hypotheses, requires perspicacity, and presupposes learning. Works of this kind, therefore, are not so well adapted to the generality of readers, as familiar and colloquial composition; for few can reason, but all can feel, and many, who cannot enter into an argument, may yet listen to a tale. The writer of romance has ever an advantage over those who endeavour to amuse by the play of fancy; who, from the fortuitous collission of dissimilar ideas, produce the scintillations of wit; or, by the vivid glow of poetical imagery, delight the imagination with colours of ideal radiance. The attraction of the magnet is only exerted upon similar particles; and to taste the beauties of Homer it is requisite to partake his fire; but every one can relish the author who represents common life, because every one can refer to the originals, whence his ideas were taken. He relates events to which all are liable, and applies to passions, which all have felt. The gloom of solitude, the languor of inaction, the corrosions of disappointment, and the toil of thought, induce men to step aside from the rugged road of life, and wander in the fairy land of fiction; where every bank is sprinkled with flowers, and every gale loaded with perfume; where every event introduces a hero, and every cottage is inhabited by a grace. Invited by these flattering scenes, the student quits the investigation of truth, in which he, perhaps, meets with no less fallacy, to exhilirate his mind with new ideas, more agreeable, and more easily attained: the busy relax their attention by desultory reading, and smooth the agitation of a ruffled mind with images of peace, tranquillity, and pleasure: the idle and the gay relieve the listlessness of leisure, and diversify the round of life by a rapid series of events, pregnant with rapture and astonishment; and the pensive solitary fills up the vacuities of his heart, by interesting himself in the fortunes of imaginary beings, and forming connections with ideal excellence.

It is, indeed, no ways extraordinary that the mind should be charmed by fancy, and attracted by pleasure; but that we should listen, with complacence, to the groans of misery, and delight to view the exacerbations of complicated anguish, that we should choose to chill the bosom with imaginary fears, and dim the eyes with fictitious sorrow, seems a kind of paradox of the heart, and can only be credited, because it is universally felt. Various are the hypotheses which have been formed to account for the disposition of the mind to riot in this species of intellectual luxury. Some have imagined that we are induced to acquiesce with greater patience in our own lot, by beholding pictures of life, tinged with deeper horrors, and loaded with more excruciating calamities; as, to a person suddenly emerging out of a dark room, the faintest glimmering of twilight assumes a lustre from the contrasted gloom. Others, with yet deeper refinement, suppose that we take upon ourselves this burden of adscititious sorrows, in order to feast upon the consciousness of our own virtue. We commisserate others, say they, that we may applaud ourselves, and the sigh of compassionate sympathy is always followed by the gratulations of self-complacent esteem. But surely they, who would thus reduce the sympathetic emotions of pity to a system of refined selfishness have but ill attended to the genuine feelings of humanity. Let it be remembered that we are more attracted by those scenes, which interest our passions, or gratify our curiosity, than those which delight our fancy: and, so far from being indifferent to the miseries of others, we are, at the same time, totally regardless of our own. Let not those, on whom the hand of Time has impressed the character of oracular wisdom, censure, with too much acrimony, productions, which are thus calculated to please the imagination and interest the heart. They teach us to think, by inuring us to feel: they ventilate the mind by sudden gusts of passion; and prevent the stagnation of thought, by a fresh infusion of dissimilar ideas.

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The following opinion of the judicious Dr. Aikin, one of the most eminent living critics, well explains one of the anomalies of the human mind. After perusing one of Mrs. Radcliff's romances, we can acknowledge the truth of the first part of the Doctor's theory, and after yawning over one of Lane's novels, or any of our republican speeches or *messages*, we shall feel the force of the concluding position.

"The pain of suspense, and the irrestible desire of satifying curiosity, when once raised, will account for our eagerness to go quite through an adventure, though we suffer actual pain during the whole course of it. We rather choose to suffer the smart pang of a violent emotion, than the uneasy craving of an unsatisfied desire. That this principle, in many instances, may involuntarily carry us through whatever we dislike, I am convinced from experience. This is the impulse which renders the poorest and most insipid narrative interesting, when once we get fairly into it; and I have frequently felt it with regard to our modern novels, which, if lying on my table, and taken up in an idle hour, have led me through the most tedious and disgusting pages, while, like Pistol eating his leek, I have swallowed and execrated to the end."

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In the heroic poem of Gondibert, Davenant, a poet too much neglected, conducts certain personages of the poem from the horrors of war to the tranquil shades of philosophy, in the house of Astragon. He then describes, among other objects, connected with science and literature, The Library, or, as he quaintly expresses it, after the manner of his age, the *monument of banished minds*. The emotions of the guests, on their entrance to this studious cloyster, are thus solemnly described,

Where, when they thought they saw, in well sought books,
The assembled souls of all that men held wise,
It bred such awful reverence in their looks,
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

He, who possessing the genuine literary enthusiasm, remembers the emotions he has felt, on surveying a large library, will at once perceive the beauty of the above description.

The wire drawn commentaries of polemic divines, upon the sacred writings, are alluded to in the same poem, and the fate of dosing stupidity is well imagined—

About this sacred little book did stand,
Unwieldy volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any reader's hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented seat.

For a deep dust, which Time does softly shed,
Where only Time does come—their covers bare,
On which grave spiders streets of web had spread,
Subtle and slight, as the grave writers were.

In these, Heaven's holy fire does vainly burn,
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent;
Where froward authors with disputes have torn
The garment, seamless as the firmament.

—

The good humoured author of "A Piece of Family Biography" has, I think, very happily restored the reign of humour, as understood by Fielding and Smollett. Our fancy has been so long terrified and jaded by the dreary descriptions of the doleful tribe of hobgoblin novelists, that it is willing to look for relief to a gay picture and ludicrous objects. But this agreeable author, in the midst of his merriment, can assume a serious air, and even excel in the pathetic. The following apostrophe to a musical instrument, addressed by a lady, solicitous of her lover's affection, is so charmingly varied, and so sweetly modulated, I hope the ingenious Mr. CARR will set it to that tender style in music of which he is a master.

TO HER HARP.

In vain, my Harp,
I sweep thy sounding chords;
In vain I strike—
No blissful hours thy melody affords!
Ah! where's the charm
That once could wake to joy
My sympathetic heart?
In downy calm,
And peace serene, my breast employ,
And to it all thy harmony impart.

Forever gone!
No music now I hear—
But jarring sounds
Of wild and warring passions, Hope and Fear,
And Love and Hate,
By turns thy nerves express;
And oft thy note's despair!
Ah, hapless fate,
Poor heart, thy aching strings confess
Ye still are like—for all is discord there!

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As I am an unworthy member of the club of periodical writers, I read the history of fugitive papers, those weekly or daily ephemera, with the same interest and eagerness that a man, proud of his ancestry, inspects the family records, or ascends its genealogical tree. The SPECTATOR is so universally read, its style is at once so pleasing and popular, that any information respecting so favourite a work, I think, must attract the attention of others as well as my own. Dr. Bisset, to whom the literary world is indebted for a very valuable edition of these papers, thus correctly characterizes the style of that elegant author, who, most successfully, led the van of those light troops, the Essayists.

"The style of ADDISON has been considered as one of the best in the English language. Perspicuity, purity, and propriety he possesses

in the highest degree. His words and phrases are the best adapted, that can be found, for conveying the ideas, and stamping the impression he intends. It varies with the subject: is, on gay occasions, familiar, without meanness: on grave, serious without solemnity. It combines simplicity with ornament, ease with elegance. He abounds in well chosen, well applied, pleasing figures. His sentences are clear, naturally arranged, and musical without artifice. He affects not the measuring of clauses, and the balancing of periods; yet does he please the ear. He aims not at splendid glowing diction, yet does he please the taste and warm the fancy. He seeks not pointed phrases, and elaborate contrasts; yet does he distinctly inform, and completely convince the understanding, and powerfully persuades the will. 'Whoever, (says the great Johnson), wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of ADDISON.'

"Of the Spectator, as may be imagined, the approbation was great and general. The sale was numerous and extensive. The circulation was not confined to London and the environs, but spread itself to the most remote quarters of the island.

"Rare as the intercourse was between the capital and the highlands of Scotland, yet did the Spectator find its way regularly to that part of the kingdom. Mr. Steward of Dalguise, a gentleman of Perthshire, of very great respectability, who died near ninety, about twelve or fourteen years ago, has informed us, that when, as usual in the country, the gentlemen met after church on Sunday, to discuss the news of the week, the Spectators were read as regularly as the Journal. He informed us also that he knew the perusal of them to be general through the country."

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

J. LUZAC's ORATION,

ON THE CIVIC CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

(Concluded.)

During the domination of the tyrants, indeed, Socrates more than once gave proof by his actions, that the man who dreads not death, is free, in despite of all human power. Among wicked men, harmony can seldom be lasting; for as the measure of depravity is not the same for them all; as their degrees of baseness are different; the worst among the bad, will submit to no reproof from his accomplices. Hence, discordancies soon arose between Critias and Theramenes. Wavering between those dictates of justice, which he saw and approved, and that depravity into which a perverse ambition had hurried him, Theramenes finally revolted from the excessive cruelties of Critias and the rest; having shortly before accomplished the destruction of the government of four hundred, while one of their number, he now commenced a similar opposition against the tyranny of his associates: their resentments roused, at the instigation and under the direction of Critias, by mere violence, and force of arms, they condemned him to suffer death. In vain did he appeal for protection to the laws and institutions of his country. It was doubtless the vengeance of Heaven, which pursued this wretched man, and exacted from him the penalty of that innocent blood, which but a few years before, by the execution of the six naval commanders, he had caused the people of Athens to shed. The same vengeance, which a few months later, with no lingering step, overtook Critias himself. Socrates now recollected that Theramenes had been his disciple—recollected his manifold public services—felt, that even now, he had retained some tincture of virtue, since he alone, in the whole council of thirty, had discovered a regard for the lives of the citizens. Now, therefore, when the people of Athens, so late the freest people upon earth, beheld with consternation their assembly surrounded by armed men; the forum and court besieged by a garrison of foreigners; the laws trampled under foot; the national usages violated; an eminent man, condemned in defiance of all right and justice, dragged with extreme violence and outrage from the altar where he had taken refuge, and hurried through the streets by the infamous Satyrus, and his yet baser satellites, to execution; at that moment, I say, in the midst of that universal consternation, amidst the tears, and silent horror of all, Socrates, with two others, interposed, stopped the public executioners, and endeavoured to controul their violence. Nor did he desist, but at the intreaties of Theramenes himself, who declared that the bitterness of his last hours would be still more cruel, should they who so generously and boldly had interfered in his behalf, by their fruitless exertions to save him, be involved in the same destruction.

This proof of fortitude and magnanmity, in the jaws of danger, was exhibited by Socrates, in the full view of all his fellow-citizens, while they were bewailing their own servitude. Let me now recur to another occasion, when he manifested the same firmness of soul, witnessed only by a few others, beside his own conscious virtue. The detestable *thirty*, not satisfied with spreading slaughter and rapine over the lives and fortunes of the most distinguished citizens, took pains as such tyrants always do, to implicate as many others as possible in the same guilt; convinced that the stability of their power would be in proportion to the number of persons interested in securing impunity to their crimes. Thus, after marking out a victim for destruction, they usually committed to other citizens the accomplishment of the butchery. "Such," (says Socrates, as his words are reported by Plato) "Such was my conduct at the public assemblies, when our country still retained a popular form of government, and the naval commanders were condemned. During the subsequent oligarchy, the *thirty* summoned me and four others to the public hall, where they ordered us to bring Leontes of Salamis, from that island, and put him to death: such commissions they often gave, to multiply the accomplices of their guilt. I then demonstrated, not in words, but by deeds, that I valued not death a pin, (excuse the rudeness of my speech) no—not a pin; my only concern was to abstain from every thing unjust; from every thing criminal. The government of the *thirty*, cruel and tyrannical as it was, never terrified me into any base compliance. When we left the hall, the four with whom I had been summoned, went to Salamis, and performed their commission. I returned to my own house; this fact alone, would perhaps have been the occasion of my own death, had not the tyranny of the *thirty* been shortly afterwards destroyed"

Now, please to observe, my hearers, who was one of those *four*, so basely prepared for servitude! so ready to drag an innocent man from his domestic sanctuary, and sacrifice him in obedience to the tyrants! *Melitus*, my hearers! the same *Melitus*, who, but three years after, became the aecuser of Socrates, on the charge of hostility to the Athenian democracy, and of inculcating on the minds of youth, a disgust against that form of government.

I should here proceed, my hearers, to the closing scenes of the life of Socrates—to that condemnation, which, after escaping under the tyrants, *he did not escape* under a city restored to freedom. Here would be the place to tear the mask from Anytus; from that Anytus, who while he gloried in being associated with Thresybulus, as a vindicator of liberty, and restorer of the commonwealth, calumniated our excellent philosopher as a contemner of the gods; charged him with ridiculing the religion, the laws, and the usages of a free people; with corrupting Alcibiades and Critias, and then imposing them upon the people of Athens; finally, with endeavouring by precept and example, to disturb, disorganize, and destroy the state.—From that Anytus, who under the cover of these absurd and fictitious inculpations against a man of the most spotless purity, only gratified his private animosities, indulged his personal resentments, and avenged the rejection of his odious advances, at a former period by Alcibiades—that Socrates, the most virtuous, but the poorest of all the teachers of widom, should enjoy the pure affection of Alcibiades, who at the same time despised *him*, notwithstanding all his wealth and power, was what the pride of this insolent demagogue could neither forget nor endure. This was what he thought to avenge, by the influence his services to the religion and liberties of his country had acquired. Here should the mask be plucked from the accusers of Socrates—Here should be pointed out, how the venom of the most infamous and impudent slander, insensibly creeps and spreads into general belief—Here should be unfolded the base artifices of slanderers; especially when assisted by an ingenious, unprincipled man like Aristophanes. The pure integrity, the firmness, the fidelity of Socrates; his piety—his unshaken fortitude, under the shameful sentence of his worthless judges—his unalterable serenity—his equanimity and patience in prison—his inflexible submission to the laws, when the gates were open, and his faithful friend Crito urging him to escape, he declared, that having never transgressed the laws, he would not begin to infringe them, on the last verge of life. Here, in the most glowing of my colours, should I paint the dying scene of Socrates, and his transition to a better life; but I must not abuse that indulgence, with which hitherto you have heard me; neither should the gloom of the funeral cypress be, introduced to sadden the solemnities of this day.

Such, my kind and benevolent hearers, is the image of a truly *brave* and *good*, *wise* and *useful* citizen, delineated, or rather sketched to the best of my abilities, in the character of Socrates. It remains only to answer those detractors of our own times, who complain that our manners are too remote from the civic virtues of antiquity, and too incompatible with the perfection of such a model as Socrates. *We* have seen, my hearers! Yes! *We* have seen! These eyes have seen! They now weep and long will lament, a youth, in whom, even in our age, were conspicuous the same ardent love of his country; the same zeal for well ordered liberty; the same abhorrence of bad citizens, purified from all party prejudices; the same industrious cultivation of unsullied wisdom; the same alliance of ingenuous candour with affable complacency, of dignity with modesty, of firmness with urbanity, of generous vigour with sweetness of temper, of unassuming simplicity with a soul of fire—the same sagacity; the same incorruptible sense of truth and moral beauty; the same indefatigable patience of labour; and finally, as the most striking similitude, the same inconceivable power and felicity, in exciting the ardour of generous youth for every thing laudable and excellent, with the same wonderful address in commanding their reverence and conciliating their affection. Pupils of this our country's Minerva! more especially you, who were rather the friends than the scholars of

your instructor! You, my remaining hearers! And you, whom first of all I should have named, my dearest colleagues! I call you all to witness! Tell us! O tell us, how like to Socrates, by his affection for his fellow-citizens; by his active and tender attachment to his friends; by his ardent pursuit of wisdom; by his amiable talent, and successful art, in forming the generous minds of youth to the acquirement of every useful and honourable science; how like, in fine, to Socrates, in almost every point of resemblance, was YOUR (with the deepest affliction, but with the conscious pride of mutual friendship, I may add, was MY) beloved and lamented NIEULAND! For you have long been aware, my hearers, that the person of whom I speak, was PETER NIEULAND.* Well do I remember what that excellent man's opinion was, on the subject of civic virtue—Well do I remember his frequent conversations with me on this topic.—But, alas! Such is the malignant influence of that pestilential planet which rules the destinies of our native country, and especially of this our University, our most precious jewels are snatched from us before their time!—The profound and inexpressible sorrow which oppresses me, forbids my saying more. Generous patrons of this University! You, who though I were silent, would feel how cruel a loss we have sustained! You, who by his example, have experienced the extensive influence, over this your Institution, of a friend to genuine liberty, at the same time inflexibly tenacious of justice and equity—It is yours, if possible, to supply the place of a NIEULAND.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following letter is a pleasing specimen of the domestic charity and generous heart of Goldsmith. It is addressed to his youngest brother, whose education having been neglected, he, upon some occasion, regretted his disqualification for genteel life. The poet, with great propriety, exhorted him to apply his faculties in the pursuit of some useful occupation The editor of Goldsmith's "Miscellaneous Works" adds, that Maurice wisely took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinet maker.

When the Royal Academy of Painting was instituted, Sir Joshua Reynolds procured for our poet the appointment of Professor of Ancient History. This was an empty honour; it was without emolument or care, but gave him a respectable place at the meetings of artists, and what, perhaps, in the opinion of convivial Goldsmith, was better, at their annual feast. This letter shews how accurately he appreciated the value of his title, and presents an interesting sketch of the feelings of a benevolent man, lamenting that FORTUNE will not realize the generous purposes of Friendship; and who, if he cannot relieve, often thinks of *the friend that's far awa'*.]

TO MR. MAURICE GOLDSMITH,

At James Lawder's, Esq. at Kilmore, near Carick, on Shannon.

January, 1770.

DEAR BROTHER,

I should have answered your letter sooner, but in truth I am not fond of thinking of the necessities of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are still every way unprovided for; and what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson, by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I could get both you and my poor brother in law something like that which you desire; but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have, until I can serve you, him, and myself, more effectually. As yet, no opportunity has offered; but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss, when it arrives. The King has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation, are something like ruffles to a man who wants a shirt. You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore, how to dispose of money, which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it; and I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it, whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our poor shattered family, demands our sincerest gratitude; and though they have almost forgot me, yet, if good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return, and increase their good humour, by adding to my own. I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkenor's, folded in a letter. The face you well know is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly also send my friends over the Shannon, some metzotinto prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman. I believe I have written an hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer from any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me these regards, which I must ever retain for them. If then you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson and his son, my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyyoughter, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother, I do not understand you—where is Charles? A sheet of paper occasionally filled with news of this kind, would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be your's most affectiontely,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

* The person here thus particularly eulogized, was a professor at the University, and had died in the bloom of life, a few months before this Oration was delivered. By his talents and virtues, he promised fair to have become, had he lived, a distinguished ornament of the seminary which boasts the names of a Boerhave and a Hemsterhuis, upon the catalogue of its Instructors.

BIOGRAPHY.

[It is a trite observation, says Dr. Bisset, that the paucity of incidents, in the lives of men of letters necessarily makes their biography very little interesting. But events bely this observation. Literary biography appears, in truth, to possess some secret charm, by which it is rendered more generally and highly popular, than the accounts, however elaborate, of the lives of any other class of men. Examples of this fact will readily suggest themselves to the recollection of every reader, and the ensuing biography of Lindley Murray, a man of benevolence, and a man of letters, who devotes his studious leisure to a disinterested service of his fellow creatures, will shew that the memoirs of a recluse may be full of interesting matter.]

THE LIFE OF LINDLEY MURRAY.

[*From a late European Magazine.*]

This Gentleman's literary character, the extensive circulation of his works, and his solicitude for the guarded education and the happiness of young persons, will doubtless render some traits of his history interesting to the publick, especially to those who have derived benefit from his writings.

Mr. Murray is a native of Pennsylvania, in North America: he was born in the year 1745. His parents were persons of respectable character, who were solicitous to imbue his mind with pious and virtuous principles. He was carefully and regularly educated; and made a rapid progress in learning. His father, who removed to New York, and was a distinguished merchant there, placed him, at the age of fifteen, in his counting house, intending to form him to mercantile business. But this employment not agreeing with young Murray's taste for reading, and desire of improving his mind, he solicited permission to study medicine or law. His father, perceiving his strong bent towards learning, procured for him a private tutor, a person of erudition and respectability; under whose care and direction he closely applied to liberal studies, and gratified himself in his favourite pursuits. At the age of nineteen, he commenced the study of law, under the auspices of a gentleman eminent in the profession; and he had the happiness of having for his fellow student the celebrated Mr. Jay, late Plenipotentiary to our Court. At the expiration of four years, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and received a license to practise, both as Counsel and Attorney, in all the Courts of the State of New York. In this profession he continued, with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature. He then removed from New York, and spent some time in the country. But impatient of an inactive life, and desirous of improving his fortune, he returned to the city, and engaged in the mercantile line. By his diligence, abilities, and respectable connexions, he acquired, in the course of a few years, a very handsome competency: he then concluded to retire from business, and made a correspondent arrangement of his affairs. He purchased a beautiful country residence, a few miles from the city of New York, where he hoped to enjoy much pleasure in rural occupations, and in the social intercourse of a wide circle of relations and friends. But these pleasing prospects soon disappeared; for not long after his determination to retire, he was arrested by the hand of sickness. The fever with which he was afflicted left a great weakness in his limbs; and his health and strength became so much impaired as to induce him, by the advice of his physicians and friends, to try the air and climate of England. In the year 1785, he came to this country; and in a short time found himself considerably relieved in the general state of his health, but not to that degree as to render it prudent for him to return to America. He settled in Yorkshire; and purchased a house pleasantly situated about a mile from York, where he continues to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that, for some years, he has found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of a day, without great inconvenience. He is, however, able to ride in his carriage an hour or two every day: and in summer, he is frequently drawn about his garden in a chair conveniently made for the purpose. To a person distinguished as Mr. Murray had been for health, strength, and agility, this confinement must have been at first a heavy misfortune. At present, no one would suppose him to be under the influence of affliction. Time and reflection seem to have perfectly reconciled him to his situation.

Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he has very happily and generously turned his attention to compose li-

terary works, for the benefit, chiefly, of the rising generation. In this benevolent employ he has found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His English Grammar, with the Exercises and the Key, has been much approved by the public. and adopted in most of the principal seminaries in England. It has passed through many large editions in this country, and been frequently reprinted in Ireland and America. The merit of this work, and the high character given of it in the different Reviews, induced his booksellers to offer him a very considerable sum for the copyright, which he thought proper to accept. The copy-right of his Introduction to the English Reader, the English Reader itself, and the Sequel to that Work, together with the Abridgment of the Grammar (all of which have been much commended for their chaste and judicious execution), were disposed of for very liberal prices. Mr. Murray's latest work is, "Le Lecteur François." a book on the plan of the English Reader. It has already received some very favourable and respectable public as well as private testimonies; and it bids fair to enhance Mr. Murray's reputation, as a writer who is solicitous to improve the taste and understanding, and to form the heart of his young readers. The copy-right of this work also has been disposed of very advantageously. But this Gentleman's views in writing are not mercenary. Having begun his literary career from disinterested motives, he has constantly devoted all the profits of his works to charitable purposes: to the benefit of institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed; to assist the needy in procuring education for their children; and to render more comfortable those who are in straitened circumstances.

The work which Mr. Murray first published, and which appears to afford him peculiar satisfaction, is, "The Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Approach of Death." Having been himself struck and edified with the sentiments, expressed by a variety of characters, at the most solemn period of life, he naturally thought that others would receive similar impressions from perusing a collection of such testimonies. Animated by this expectation, he formed the compilation, and interspersed it with many occasional observations and reflections of his own. The book has passed through eleven editions. The first impression was made wholly at Mr. Murray's own expense, and given away, chiefly in the neighbourhood of his residence. Perceiving that the work met with approbation, he enlarged and improved it. In its present state it has been much praised, and warmly recommended to the perusal of all classes of readers.

Time thus employed, and the rewards of labour thus distributed, prevent that gloom which ill health and long confinement are so apt to produce, and contribute to render Mr. Murray cheerful and happy, in a situation that many would think must be highly distressing. He appears to make the best of his condition, and to look at the bright side of the objects around him. He is a member of the society called Quakers; and is much respected and esteemed by them: but in all his writings he has scrupulously avoided introducing, in any shape, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects, he confines himself to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of christianity. For this judicious care, as well as for the exemplary chasteness of his works, he has received particular commendation. He married early in life; but he has no children. Mrs Murray is a person of great merit and respectability; and is faithfully and tenderly attached to him. Mr. Murray is as highly distinguished by the excellence of his heart as by the powers of his mind. He is a most affectionate husband, a warm and sincere friend, a pleasing and instructive companion. His sentiments are liberal and refined; and the tenour of his life, in conformity with his writings, demonstrates him to be the uniform, zealous, and judicious friend of virtue and of piety.

EDUCATION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I have, in general, derived much satisfaction from the perusal of your elegant and useful paper; but I have been more particularly gratified by those portions of it which relate to the cultivation of taste and science in our country. It is with but two much justice that you have complained of the great indifference, in some people, to the promotion of the liberal arts; and, in others, the total want of a disposition to encourage them: and when we consider their influence over the intellectual and moral powers, those grand characteristics of man, that they have a tendency to adorn, elevate, dignify and make happy our species, every intelligent, benevolent, and virtuous mind must unite with you in regretting that so little encouragement has been given to the laudable efforts of individual tutors, and seminaries of learing, for exciting a taste for polite literature. It is pleasing, however, to perceive that a brighter prospect is beginning to open upon us. In proportion as the malignant spirit of war subsides, the benign spirit of peace is turned to the cultivation of the arts and sciences.

In no instance, I apprehend, are our fellow-citizens entitled to so much praise, as in that of their bending their attention to the education of the youth of both sexes, and especially the female. The number of seminaries in Philadelphia, for the instruction of young ladies, is highly honourable to the patrons, and to the city itself: and, I have no doubt, but that the liberality by which they have been instituted will find a grateful reward in those ornamental and useful acquisitions of the fair pupils, which will render them charming and valuable members of society—I here particularly allude to acquisitions in such branches of learning as are calculated to call into action their best faculties, and to place them in that station, for which nature seems to have designed them.

As connected with the subject, I cannot help expressing the sincere delight I lately experienced, upon visiting the young ladies academy of Philadelphia, of which Mr. Neal is the principal. Understanding that this is the only incorporated institution of the kind in this part of the world, I was the more curious to see in what manner it was conducted; nor have I been at all disappointed. The order, regularity, harmony and decorum that prevail among the pupils is really astonishing (considering how very young many of them are) and has a pleasing effect upon the spectator. But what at once both surprized and gratified me the most was, the discovery of that truly admirable taste for composition and elegant literature, which Mr. Neal has diffued among his pupils. I begin to think, that there certainly must be a peculiar talent for teaching, as well as for other things; for it seems to be exemplified in this deserving young man. He possesses that happy manner, which may be imagined, but cannot be explained. To firmness and energy, he appears to unite all that tenderness, lenity and sincerity, which inspire confidence, and insure obedience, reverence and esteem. By his manner of teaching, as well as by unequalled industry, unwearied perseverance, and the most judicious efforts, he has raised the young ladies' academy to an eminent degree of respectability, and that just estimation in which it is now held. Exertions so honourable in the cause of science and of virtue, may, with propriety, rank such a meritorious character, a benefactor of the rising generation, and an ornament to the city of Philadelphia.—But, perhaps, I am intruding—Pardon, dear Sir, the warmth of my expressions: when talent, worth and goodness united, are the theme, who can be cold in tributes of applause?

Wishing you every success in the cause in which you are embarked, as well as in every other virtuous and laudable pursuit in life,—

I remain, with sincere esteem,

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Philadelphia Company of Booksellers, have republished from the third London edition, Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. This edition is said to be greatly superior in accuracy to the octavo Irish copies which have generally been used in America. We cannot recommend this guide to elegant pronunciation too strongly. It is the only classical and courtly standard; and he who follows it rigidly, will not be branded with the epithets of YANKEE or BUCKSKIN. He will not deform his speech with the monotonous drawl of a Marylander, nor sing through his conventicle nose, like a *blue* Presbyterian of Connecticut.

[In the city of New-York, there appears of late, a strong disposition to encourage literature; to remunerate genius; and to cherish the useful and the fine arts. Books in the fashionable stile of European typography and binding, are purchased with avidity. Mr. Sargeant, an extensive bookseller in that city, is, we are informed, encouraged to import the ensuing list of splendid publications. Such classical books do indeed deserve to be read; and we are pleased that at any time, the liberality or the superfluity of New-York opulence is employed in aid of literature.]

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Dobson's Life of Petrarch, eight plates, designed by Kirk, and engraved by Ridley, 2 vols. 8vo. calf gilt.

THE OLLA, No. IX.

It has been very quaintly said, that a girl who marries to obtain freedom, finds the secret of losing her honour in preserving her reputation.

Dorat married a second time, in his old age, a handsome young woman; and when censured for the inequality of the connexion, he replied that he chose rather to die by a bright sword than a rusty one.

A painter, when once presented to the Pope, was so timid and embarrassed that the holy father could not help laughing at him. To inspire the trembler with courage, his holiness graciously said "Do not you want to ask some favor of me." I have none to beg replied the bashful painter, but that you will suffer me to go from your presence.

A pretender to painting, who was ostentatious of his very limited knowledge of his art, said one day that he was going to whitewash his room, and then to paint it. An arch *amateur* added, "If you will take my advice, you would paint it first, and afterwards whitewash it."

A young woman of twenty-six, desired a painter to represent her as a *nun*, and at whole length. The painting being finished, the lass discovered that her height was not sufficiently shewn, and as she complained bitterly to the painter, he said, "Excuse me, I represented you shorter than you really are, because I did not suppose, that in these times, there were virgins so ta l as you.

There is a Banker in the city who has two sons; one of them is extremely dissipated, and dresses in the pink of fashion; the other is domestic, and strictly attends to the banking business, which peculiarities occasioned a wag to name the first *Count*, and the other *Discount*.

[*London paper.*

EPITAPH.

Of a dull heavy folio here rests the last page,
And what is more true, the best half;
It had nothing within it, informing or sage,
'Twas unletter'd and bound up in calf.

TO A LADY FOND OF QUADRILLE.

To cards the fair dame is so very a slave,
That when death calls her soul from the land;
Should three but sit down to quadrille on her grave,
She would rise with the vole in her hand.

CERTAIN DEATH.

I *shall die*, in the height of despair,
Should my Delia persist to deny;
I *shall die*, with delight, if the Fair
Would attend to my tale, and comply.

How can I then cease to lament,
Since the fate of my passion is sure;
My death, is the certain event,
Alike of the evil or cure.

EPIGRAM.

Observe fair Celia, all in all,
Mild—beautiful—and young;
'Tis true—but then her mouth's so small,
It cannot *hold her tongue!*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RABELAIS tells us a story of one Philipot Placut, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident.

—

Great is the difficulty of pleasing, says a quaint but honest writer. There is an old proverb, which says, "it is better to be a horse than a cart;" but I am of opinion, that this adage needs qualification, for I think the choice very much depends upon who drives. If I am to be driven, by these good folks who are all at once flogging me to go different ways, I must confess that I would rather prefer being the cart than the horse. There are some I do not wish to please, and there are others who I should be very sorry to displease, among which I include myself, and trust me it shall be my foremost care not to offend *them*.

—

The Boston Chronicle, Cheetham's Citizen, and the strumpet Aurora, are decisive proofs of the taste, learning, and genius of democracy. They circulate among the lowest of the people, and they are quoted and admired by every jacobin, atheist and blockhead in the country; postponing every party predilection and enmity, and viewing these papers through no other medium than the fair glass of criticism, we may confidently appeal to the good sense of the country, whether stripped of the tawdry glare of democratic rage and calumny, the stile of these papers be not unworthy of the genius of a scavenger. When their conductors obtain an essay or a paragraph from a few, a very few, leading characters of the party, the literary reputation of the above papers may perhaps, for a day, be partially redeemed, by some glimpses of meaning, by some appearance of clearness; nay, to do them ample justice, by a transient brightness of imagination, and a solitary sparkle of wit. But when these editors are left but for an hour to themselves, they are then lost amid all the vapour, and fog, and blackness of darkness of Bœtia. Their way is among *owls and doleful creatures*. And they go on darkling to the realms of nonsense, with none but blind stupidity for a guide.

—

Many of those honest, venerable, and *genuine* patriots, who at Athens, Rome, Sparta, or to bring the question home to our *own business and bosoms*; many, very many, in *America*, who, in the year 1774, and at a period anterior, projected the scheme of a *Commonwealth*, unquestionably did it in singleness of heart, and with the best of all possible good intentions. We might question the soundness of their heads, rather than the purity of their integrity. They not only sanguinely hoped, but they honestly believed, that they were pursuing the substantial good of the country. Nay, at first, before her coquetry, her fickleness, her perfidy, her whoredoms, and her rotteness, were notorious, men might be captivated by the leer and the smile, and the painted beauty of a courtezan Freedom. They might be fascinated with the snaky glare of her wild eyes, and discern in her desultory motion and her irregular gait, nothing but fresh provocatives to the enjoyment of so free and so independent a charmer. But, *at length, the morn, and cold indifference comes*. Our Liberty, when tried, proves the battered strumpet of Experience. When her varnish is melted away, when her stuccoed features are cracked and disfigured, and all her false bolsters and braces laid aside, then, in the brilliant words of the orator, "that body, which, when full of life and beauty, lay in our arms, and was our joy and comfort, becomes on intimacy but the more loathsome, from remembrance of her first advances." We contrast the speciousness of promise with the hollowness of performance, and are indignant that our unrestrained rapture should be lavished upon nothing but a lackered and decorated skeleton.

—

We hear every day, of great discoveries made in morals, in theology, and above all, in politics. We are told sometimes magisterially, with the imposing tone of presumptuous confidence, and sometimes in the childish babble of French levity, that experience is but a beldam—and fact itself a liar. We are assured that our ancestors knew nothing of modes of polity, and that our rights and our duties were never explained or understood, until Rousseau rose to describe, and Robespierre to *vindicate* them. Hence, every hair-brained projector now commences legislator, without the servitude of a day's apprenticeship to the trade, and the very boys in the streets of Philadelphia are as well qualified to form a perfect *commonwealth*, as Harrington, or Algernon Sidney.

—

Jacobin scribblers, when employed in fomenting the passions, and enlarging the vices of the populace, are manifestly engaged in a work of supererogation. Our Tree of Liberty, God knows, shoots wildly enough, and the *popular branch* will always bear an abundance of crude and mawkish fruit, without any assistance from the husbandman.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

On the subscription list of the Port Folio we enumerate many, who, from want of opportunity, want of attention, or culpable negligence, postpone their payments for this paper. This is a sin of omission that must be reformed. We know that our agents, and friends, in general, are abundantly conscious of the necessity, as well as propriety and justice of prompt payment for a paper, which neither derives, nor can derive, any support from the lucrative aid of advertisements; which NEVER HAS BEEN, NOR NEVER SHALL BE a source of emolument to its proprietor in consequence OF ITS SERVILITY TO ANY PARTY; and, lastly, which, though composed of more copious materials, conducted with more labour, and published at a greater expense than any other periodical miscellany, either at home or abroad, is sold for a very moderate consideration.* We hope that individuals will reflect that the Editor and his associates do *their* duty, and fulfil *their* engagements. Though the conductor of this journal is deeply sensible of the imperfections of his literary toil, yet he has a *right* to say, that he *labours* with assiduity. Though, with the consciousness of one, capable of inventing but little, he blushes at his own unskilfulness, yet he has a *right* to speak proudly of the elegant and useful contributions of others. From the liberality of his friends he anticipates a just appreciation of the labour and time, expended on this undertaking. He wishes for no other jury to investigate the *quantum meruit* of his service. At this genial season, when every *bud*, and every *shoot*, and every *flower* is indebted for its growth and transitory perfection to the benignity of Nature; to the broad sunshine, and "the sweet influence of the Pleiades," we are persuaded that all among our subscribers, who love to reason analogically, will conclude that "WITHOUT THE DEW—THE CORN SHALL WITHER ON HIS STALK."

LIST OF AGENTS FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

At the commencement of this year, the Editor published a brief catalogue of the names of agents for the distribution of the Port Folio, in different parts of the United States. This list was necessarily imperfect and incomplete, as at that period his established correspondence was neither so copious, nor so general, as at present. He now states, with satisfaction to himself, and with gratitude to others, that the following gentlemen, many of them with disinterested alacrity, have kindly undertaken to disseminate this paper. They are generally requested to transmit names received, or cash collected, as promptly as possible. For, though his subscription list has increased, and is increasing, still, from the great expense of the establishment, it is far, very far, from being lucrative to its proprietor.

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☞ The price of the paper is Five Dollars, annually, payable in advance. It will be exchanged, on equal terms, with Printers of Daily Gazettes, but the Editors of village papers, charged at a price, inferior to that of the Port Folio, must pay the difference.

* This is not a hazarded assertion. The Editor has taken care to ascertain, with accuracy, that no literary journal, in Europe as well as America, presenting the same quantity of matter each month, is sold so reasonably as the Port Folio. It is, moreover, executed with a type and paper, which, without arrogance, may challenge a fair competition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A VERNAL MORNING.

Shut up at home thro' the bleak Winter's reign,
Conceal'd and still the tribes of Bees remain.
But when the sun exerts a warmer power,
Laden with sweets, they sport each gilded hour.

So in a rock, or some dark damp recess,
The Snake lies torpid, cold, and motionless,
Spring's genial beams recall him to the day,
To bask at ease, or watch his feather'd prey.

Thus thro' the city walks Sol's vernal charms,
Call into view the groups of female forms;
Their lips in honey balm'd—but in their eyes,
So quick a poison, he who sees it dies.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In Oulton's new farce, the Sixty third Letter, an original character is introduced, one *Dulcet*, who amuses himself, and torments his master, by incessant ballad singing, or allusion to some popular ditties. The following song, in character, will give a good idea of the ingenuity of the author, and the humour of *Dulcet*.]

Here are catches, songs, and glees,
Some are twenty for a penny;
You shall have whate'er you please,
Take your choice, for here are many.

Here is 'Nan of Gloucester Green,'
Here's the 'Lillies of the valley,'
Here is 'Kate of Aberdeen,'
Here is 'Sally in our alley.'

Here is 'Mary's dream,'—'Poor Jack',
Here's 'The Tinker' and 'The Tailor;'
Here's 'Bow wow,' and 'Paddy Whack,'
'Tally ho'—'The hardy Sailor.'

Here's 'Dick Dock,' 'The Hearty Blade,'
'Captain Wattle,' and 'The Grinder,'
And I've got 'The Cottage Maid,'
Damme though if I can find her.

Drinking songs, too, here abound,
'Toby Philpot,' 'Fill the Glasses,'
And 'Why stands the glass around,'
Here's 'A health to all kind lasses.'

Here's 'Come, let us dance and sing,'
And, what's better far than any,
Here's 'God save Great GEORGE, our King,'
'Hearts of Oak,' and 'Rule Brittania.'

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